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No. 4

FANCIES.

BY DELMADGE.

I am thinking to-night of a battle. I read in the days long ago, of a soldier who went forth to battle, and who, when he returned, And of how, when the battles were over, he marched home all eager to see The man who had been his comrade, With her bairn asleep on her knee.

How he came smiling and happy, And softly he tapped on the door. Where his dear little wife and her bairn Had been, he had not known. How a strange face appeared at the casement, And told him his loved one had won. And when he came home again, With her bairn on her bosom, she slept.

I was thinking, I say, of that story. So sad and sorrowful to me. And I thought, "I will not leave the fancy-land in my story, but safe, For when you come back, safe and happy, And when you come back to me, I fancy that, down in some church-yard, I shall be lying asleep!"

THE SECRET AGENT;

OR,

The Struggle for Liberty.

Philadelphia in 1776.

BY CHARLES MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "PLIGHTED IN PEACE," ETC.

(This story was commenced in No. 51, Vol. 52. Back numbers can always be obtained.)

CHAPTER XIX.

A NIGHT RIDE.

The long September twilight was fast deepening into darkness when Brooks broke from his captors and rode away at furious speed.

The noise of pursuit had an opposite effect to that intended. A jingle of swords and clatter of hoofs were heard in advance. Another body of cavalry was approaching, hastened by those shouts.

Red Coats had seized one of the American troops. A whole regiment of them—

Farwell, Sergeant Kerr, and many thanks for your kind care of my house, shouted the fugitives as he rode into the open ranks of the British troops.

A party of patrols followed this defiant speech. It was replied to by the British, who started at once in sharp pursuit. But the darkness had now deepened, the Americans were thoroughly acquainted with the roads, and in a very short time had dropped their pursuers out of sight and hearing.

The remainder of the troop, with the fugitives, rode on to Philadelphia.

The commander of the cavalry, a short, boyish young man, dressed in a richly ornamented uniform, looked curiously at Brooks as they entered the circle of light.

There was a superciliousness in his glance that told the Americans he was Brooks.

"What is the occasion of this pursuit?" he asked.

"I was a prisoner in the hands of the rebels, who had just escaped."

"On what grounds did they you prisoner?"

"As a British spy."

There was a note of defiance in Brooks's tone. The Captain turned away contemptuously, and entered the door of the inn.

"The moment, sir," said Brooks commanding, "will you be kind enough to inform me where Lord Howe is quartered in the city?"

"On High street, near Sixth," said the officer, without pausing or turning.

"Thanks for the information, and for your high-born courtesy," Brooks cuttingly replied.

The officer gave a backward glance that was full of disdain.

"I do not respect your business sufficiently to waste courtesy on you," he coldly replied.

"You have my protection. British officers do not make companions of spies."

Brooks, with his lip as the officer walked off, turned to encounter Letty Snyder.

He turned, to encounter Letty Snyder, who had been a witness of this scene.

He walked up to her with outstretched hand.

"I have to thank you for my freedom," he said.

The buxom beauty failed to notice, or at least to take, his offered hand.

"You may thank Madge Lawson," she said.

"You have twice freed me from danger," he replied. "I cannot be but grateful to you."

"I tell you, then, sir, I would not have lifted a hand to help you on your own account," she cried, with compressed lips. "I am an American, head and soul, and despise you. It is only that poor child of a Madge I care for."

"We will talk of that later," he said.

"I am better than your business, Al-

len Brooks," she answered with fervor. "Find her. Take her from the devils who have carried her off. Give these their deserts. Do them worse than you will not refuse to shake hands with you."

A tight laugh broke from Allen as he heard the climax of her speech.

"The devil is not half as black as he is in

painted. Miss Letty," he replied, as he descended the steps of the porch. "You are a whole-souled girl, and I shall make you off in your bairn yet."

The girl, however, had mounted, and was riding briskly away into the gloom.

Letty looked curiously after him, until long after he was lost in the darkness.

"I do not know what to make of the man," she said, "but I do not like him. I would not have me, and might have helped him. Poor devil, he must get many a hard word, and I've doubts if he's a Britisher after all."

"Do you know that man?" asked the officer, pausing on the porch.

"Yes, I know Letty, with a seeming sudden change of opinion. That is Allen Brooks, the British spy. There's a price on his head, but there's not a rebel of them all can take or hold him. This twice he has escaped the hands of his foes."

"And the Englishman, in surprise. "Then your man must be a very weak person, of your juries must be very soft-hearted."

"The last, I fear," she said, with a low curse.

"Ala!" cried the girl, with a laugh. "I judge you are not heart when from this good-looking spy. You are to be locked in prison doors."

"For the cause he represents. Not for him, she replied, smiling. "I judge you are not like spies any more than you do, Mr. Officer."

"Captain Collins, at your service, Mr. Officer," said the officer, smiling. "I see you are on our side, and am glad to hear that you are a Taxy's girl. I will get you to entice me to entice you to my solitary supper with your presence."

"I have no time to go to your supper with you. I must go to poster out your tea and butter your toast," she said, with her hearty laugh, as she bowed him out.

"I will not like this," said the girl. "He did not see the look in her eye or the disdainful curl of her lip. Captain Collins was falling into more dangerous hands than he fancied.

While he was eating a frugal meal, with dinner, Letty Snyder entered. Allen Brooks was riding rapidly toward the city, over starlighted roads too familiar to him to render the darkness a trouble.

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"Very well. Have my horse groomed. I will find him."

The girl was in the second-story back parlor when the man of flip suddenly walked in.

"You soon get through your search," said the girl, "but I will be good to give you a good night's sleep."

"I declare, Mr. Brooks, you came in so suddenly that you sent some of my flip the wrong way," said the old man with a straightening cough.

"Did you learn anything?" asked Brooks, after waiting a minute for Gordon to recover.

"I rode down—the Ridge," said the latter, still coughing. "I asked at every house. Tracked them down to the edge of the British picket line. There they stopped me."

"What was that?" asked Brooks, in a quivering tone.

"Just about where Ninth street will cut Vine street, when they make their way out that far. They did not pass the pickets, or else the sentries lie."

"You passed?"

"I passed, indeed. The word you gave me to trust me all."

"I believe they were a party of villainous Tories," said the rebels called them—by one Captain Fitz."

"I have heard of him. Who was the girl?"

"A lady friend of mine. A Miss Lawson, daughter of a well-known lawyer."

"We must protect our own, then," said Howe, with a smile. "And you have a tender spot for that young lady."

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August 19, 1876.

SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN—IN 1876.

BY MARGUERY LAIRD.

A three year old working, a baby coquette, With a heart and a soul undeveloped as yet, And a small, timid brain, crammed with sadness and fears. Having blemishes and dull looks fitting the dear little cherub-dome except in brown, A smile made from her toes to her curly soul— And who knew, pretty lady-like, quite well enough. About the world in a scene, and mamma's poor puff. Who can walk like an angel, in very short and simple dress? And scarcely when you have an aunt Katie fits This girl, the girl of the future fortune. This baby, the girl of the future woman.

II.

Miss sixteen and fine at a fashionable soiree— Strutting out to see Fred, and destroy the fills her smooth saucy head with the new Of Antiochus, Ammon, and Cambis the Rose. Members Present,—erecting Badian, Madame. Will turn her own nose quite a blushing young lady? She can sing like Parma—or pretty? And leaves him with tell you, "just every now and then" She can tell you the price of that lace at A and know that "dear Worth" is the idol of France. Has the world about Modes, wild Indians in Texas. Does on Diana, Bust Harts and the grand tour. And with tears on her cheek, like the dew on the rose. Will murmur, "He had not a Roman nose."

III.

Two slender shoulders, one rather small waist. A Jemima! Are converse all beauteous and tame. Martha Washington's coiffure, and Moyen Age charms plucked from all sorts to overwhelm. Dainty shapes, white arms and a beauty well made. From the earth and from bloom, guaranteed not to fade. Her gown, gloves, bonnet, examine it well. The girl is a born creature, a true blue-bell. She appears in society's whirl with a tasse. For a week she is a belle, and then a bore. And a fair code of ethics, those troubousers men. Have pants made for bright eyes to break now and then.

IV.

Young Nell Adriana has sat in the corner With the sole of the ball, and like little Jack Horner Has pulled out the plum from society's pie. And this is the reason of her success— Has suddenly sprouted over strawberry less With a dear little girl—made of sugar— and gold. As my languid young gentleman soon will discover. For her own braided hair is the arm of a lover. And in that first look, on the fly, it shall be there. Indeed, if the truth, and the whole truth, were told, he could hardly explain how those rings of gold. Bought M. Pignatano come so near to his jaws. Nor what moment's weakness induced him to do it. Never mind how it happened—the mischief is done.

And now one dear in more senses than one— drives, bounces, and goes for the sweet of life. Mrs.

Are repeat, she can not be paid for in kisses. And he thinks, as he whispers, "dear love— I do not know that I wanted a wife!"

V.

Her face is a marvel, her diamonds are rare. Her ball and a thousand, her lovely blouses. Was ordered from Paris, her French toilette. Is a match to the Queen of France. And a column on point of *Antoon Domènec* with a whole brookman superfluous.

Change, wearing, reception at home, the elite. Attending to costumes—echevele and sweet. White gloves.

Displays just the proper amount of costume. And by the way—out of the price of the dress is still paid, and she's mistress of so much as a year!

VI.

The rich Mrs. Ferdinand, with half a million— Leads the German, the fashion, the quiet estimation. Among men and maidens around her, train. While a certain pays the bills and looks on. And he knows now, too late, that her roses are red. Her heart is too lame to beat time in a waltz. That the sweet, natural girl he would all for, if she exists, some other man's wife. And he sees in the home he has longed for—

VII.

Why now should we turn the last leaf on the page? And come to the daylight the sad seventh age? Of the mother, who jewelled and daintily powdered. Put the bairn from her bosom, the bairn from her nest. And in the dear little innocent's place, A bouquet of violets and flowers and lace.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

BY SAIDIE E. ABBOTT.

It was a mellow day in May the sun, almost a summer sun, was sinking, casting its lingering rays across the old fashioned porch, where trailing vines were already visible, spreading their branches, trying to shade two tiny canary birds, that were waging battle for the mastery of the present cage—a very Euston of new birds. The sun was leaving the scene, leaving two small dimples on the sill of the little square window, hidden from view by the tall shade trees. Murill Montague stood fuming a sum, as she looked forth on the purple sunset, drinking in the infinite beauty, watching more beautiful than herself, with such rapt attention.

A sound of horses' hoofs tramping at the gate, a springing step, a hand stretched out, and a hand, a hand, a hand, something had happened to him, so dearly loved; but a few hasty and hurried sentences, in a strange voice (broken to be sure, but coming distinctly to her ears), caused her to reel back, as though struck by some unseen hand.

That short, low spoken message was—

Murill strained her ears to listen, with hands closely clasped over her heart, as if it throbbed too loudly for her to hear.

She knew the words—“Eugene, you must leave me, in the name of your affection—a letter from her to get away, now, to tell of your wife,” then a few whispered sentences that she could not catch—hastily retreating footsteps—that was all.

A low wail escaped her, and she hid her face in her hands.

She was cold as ice, and deadly pale as

Eugene Montague advanced into the room, Seeing that something unusual disturbed her, he tenderly inquired if she was ill.

A hoarse, grating laugh, which was terrible to hear, escaped the closed teeth, and white lips.

“Murill, you must be ill, what is the matter?”

He advanced toward her, but she wrenched him back, commanding the choking pains in her throat, and speaking in a clear low tone, a whispering in her heart.

“Do not you dream of come near me, George, and never let me see you face again?”

“Why, Murill! I hope you are not angry because I stayed away so late, what an exertion with you.”

“I am sorry that you have deceived me this long. Why do you not spare me this strong language? Why do you not give me this strong language?”

“Deserve that, what can you mean?”

“You a sot to quarrel, to do wrong of me?”

The man spoke angrily, a queer smile wrinkled his lips.

She stood there, trembling violently, but made no reply.

“Murill, what do you mean by acting so strangely? I demand an explanation. I am greatly tired of your continual stage acting, and would not submit to it much longer, I assure you.”

Then the storm burst in all its fury. Hot words rose to her lips. She could have shrieked in her great agony.

Eugene Montague, how dare I can derive more pleasure from your beauty than your wife? Your beauty is the idol of the world.

“Murill, you are a fraud, and I am a

thief.”

“I am sorry, too, that you have deceived me this long. Why do you not spare me this strong language?”

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Saturday Evening, August 19, 1876.

NOTICE TO EXCHANGERS.

Each number of the SATURDAY EVENING POST is duly copyrighted, but all are welcome to freely reprint any article in its columns provided that due credit be given to this paper.

HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE.

Not every man can be wealthy. There is not enough to go around and make millions of all. The few who gain the coveted amount must pay a heavy price for it, the greater part of which consists in that most difficult achievement, persistent self denial. Leaving out of the account those who have inherited wealth, and the very few upon whom it has suddenly fallen by some great fortune or misfortune, and studying the lives of those who have made a fortune, in every case there has been a rigid mastery of self, a curbing of all desires which would interfere with the main business of money making, very often the numerous sacrifices of ease, the stifling of generous sentiment, the disregard of the feelings, the necessities, and the often of the rights of others, the constant study and practice of using men for the profit which can be made from them.

Thousands would be rich today had for minor self indulgences when young, failing to prevent gratifications, needlessly spending now a few dollars for dress, now for a frolic, and now to accommodate a friend. These comparatively insignificant sum amount is a few years to a very significant total, not to a fortune, but enough to furnish just the capital needed when a favorable opportunity for investment and money making presents itself. The man who has kept his dimes and dimes till his time is not only ready for such chances, which come to every one on the look out for them, but he has also acquired and strengthened the habit of self control, and is prepared to make his increased resources all tell to their utmost extent. The first thousand dollars made are like the tools which the blacksmith has himself hammered out. Each one helps in forging and shaping the next. In time, when his shop is completely furnished, he has the skill which long practice has given, and all the appliances needed, and now he can undertake any job which offers.

Those who have wasted the opportunities of youth for securing wealth deserve only the pity which is awakened by any failure; those who have failed to acquire money because they chose to be helpful to others rather than to always help themselves, need neither pity nor sympathy. They may be accounted poor, but their wealth is put away where it will keep, beyond the vicissitudes of life. It is ingrown and inseparable from themselves. Goodness, large heartedness, love, these are their inalienable riches. Such a fortune is within the reach of all, and it is never too late to begin its sure acquirement.

THE OVER GROWN VILLAGE.

There is a tendency on the part of both the press and people of other cities to refer, disparagingly, to Philadelphia as an "overgrown village," retaining in its metropolis-like size, village manners, village dress, and village prejudices.

One's first impulse is to resent the aspersion. It is not in human nature to accept a mediocre position with perfect equanimity, while nothing cuts the pride of the denizens of town more acutely than to be reminded of a resemblance to country cousins.

But why should we resent the charge, if it charge it be? Can might be said of the manners of a village that they are modest and refined; of the dress that it is chaste and unassuming; of the prejudices that they are honest and modest?

Let us acquiesce with complacency; let us accept the situation with composure; let us acknowledge it with pride. Where we look for a higher tone of morality, a more perfect obedience to law, a greater serenity of thought, than characterizes a happily conducted village?

Philadelphia should be proud to prove that the same instincts, the same social code, the same customs, the same modesty, the same charity, distinguish her that marked the colonial village of a hundred years ago.

Is there less anxiety for public welfare, less love of truth, less alliance to honor, less allegiance to virtue among us because

we occupy the hamlet of village life with the sterner elements of metropolitan life?

There is no city in the Union where society is more select, or home influences more potent than in Philadelphia. We all have homes here, humble though some of them be, and we love them, and cherish the thoughts, the manners, and the traditions that have come to us with them.

We have enough wealth to give us the second commercial rank in the United States; we have enough energy to develop our resources judiciously, and why shouldn't we be happy?

If we are sometimes slow, we are never behind time, and is not discreet tactious a better auxiliary to longevity of life and prosperity than recklessness?

We will endeavor to retain an "overgrown village," and let the simplicity of village usages twine about us, as the charms of gilded east upon the boughs of the peasant woman.

THE LESSON OF THE PAST.

There is to every one a strange weird charm clinging about the past. Old scenes, with the shadows of years have drift, some a new life and beauty. Families, living long since faded and gone, ring again with the mellow notes of innocence and truth. Old hearts that have lain still and cold for years, pulse again with ripe vigor as one looks back over the boughs of years and lives life over again.

We live in the present, yet there is an inexpressible link between the present and past. The past is ours, and what a noble heritage it is. But, though memory be the mistress of yesterday, action is the royal ruler of today. The past is dead, the future unknown, but the present is a living reality. To-day we are still answerable for the forgotten deeds of long ago. The thoughts that fill the soul in the present and the purposes awaiting fruition in what is to be. If those deeds have been marked with the stamp of honor, if these thoughts now glow with the fire of truth, if these purposes will court the guidance of virtue, youth has been bright, manhood is worthy, and old age will be honored.

A WHISPER WITH AMATEURS

To young writers just beginning to wield the pen, let me say a word. Don't try to write poetry, unless you cannot help it. Never imagine that you can sit down and grind a poem out of a summer sunset and a promenade head, as you would draw ride from a boughole. There is no more common error than to confound rhyme with poetry, while the two are as distinct as pearls and potatos. If the poetic principle exists in your soul, it will show itself. If it does not you can no more coax the pure song of the muses from your brain than you can call forth a diamond from a boughole.

SPEAK KINDLY.

Speak kindly in the morning, it lightens the cares of the day, and makes the house hold and all other affairs move along more smoothly.

Speak kindly at night, for it may be that before the dawn some loved one may find his or her space of life, and it will be too late to aid forgetfulness.

Speak kindly at all times; it encourages the downcast, cheers the sorrowing, and very likely awakens the desire to earnest remedies to do better, with strength to keep them.

Kind words are balm to the soul. They oil up the entire machinery of life, and keep it in good running order.

THE SAME OF SILVER CURRENCY IS SPECIALLY.

SILVER RAYE—writing Centennial price poems.

THE IMPARTATION OF COOLIES has no marked effect on the temperature.

YO SO men who vote on their twenty-first birthday this year will be in the majority.

THE SECRETARIAL, ZIGZAGGRAPHIC, Tschernoff, wants Spenser's autograph for a notebook.

A MARKET street beggar woman will not go to Atlantic City, as she has only a bad year's bundle.

THE DROUGHT continues, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the New York Fire Department.

SEPTEN. BILL doesn't part his hair in the middle, or cut his mohs with some other fellow's tooth-brush.

Snow that the Resumption Act has been repealed, let the nation rise in some, and demand a reduction in the price of wheat.

A HAIR-STRUCK street woman has deserted her husband because he could never eat a half watermelon with her. Don't spit in back the sand.

The compoines who can set up an account of the Turk-Swiss war without making the names of the generals stand on their heads, have a future in the store.

THE TOOTHPICKS of Philadelphia have not been three cases of snuffing than at tempt to "shave" one Chicago man's shoes.

WHILE the candidates are getting up speeches and platforms, wouldn't it be well for some patriot to invent a new method of cutting costs, or else secure a reduction in the price of taxes.

STRENGTH will more effectively convince a young man of the force of public opinion than to be compelled to wheel a new baby carriage up the street about a year after the honeymoon.

SUNSET ON THE ROYAL.

BY H. M. WILCOX.

There are such and other scenes in the course of our various stages are grouped here and there.

From the pomposus to case and grace we go and so find an embodiment of this last in the Austrian Department, in the shape of an exquisitely designed.

CHANDLER OF AMBER.

Both the polished, transparent and the dull or smoky amber, the scenes that show this beautiful specimen of skill. It has no scenes for the reception of caravans, each holding four. A bazaarade of amber with mullings of clear amber, combined with pearls and upper part of the opaque, surrounds the bazaar at the lower part. Shields of the caravans have figures of camels, and the stems, and are almost as beautiful as camomiles.

A FLOWER VASE.

of the same material may also be seen in this case. It is in form somewhat like a bell, having leaves surrounding it and buds, and is rarely beautiful. A large lump of amber in the crude state is also shown, and is of a variety of tones of yellow and brown.

MEERSCHAMMEL VASES.

with delicate groups carved upon them and heavy amber handles are here.

AN AMBER VASE.

A boat shaped vessel down the stream with light tip of our.

THE BOATMAN'S VASE in motion.

And all the air seems to dream with dreams of the song of birds.

AN AMBER VASE.

Such power and plenty crown the hills. And come many birds.

AN AMBER VASE.

What nature's gifts to me are these? And such a boat.

AN AMBER VASE.

And such a boat.

AN AMBER VASE.

Such a boat.

NEWS NOTES.

The well known French aeronaut, Duron, is dead.

The cotton worm has appeared unusually early in Mississippi.

The colossal statue of Washington has arrived at Philadelphia.

Upward of 8,000 newspapers are read by the people of the United States.

There are twelve thousand men and boys in San Francisco looking for work.

Fifty thousand persons belong to the order of Sisters of Charity the world over.

Visitors to Saratoga, New York, this year must pay a fee of fifteen cents to enter Congress Park.

The new Sultan Murad, of Turkey, reported dying from delirious fevers and general debauchery.

The Senate has passed the resumption repeal set into the hands of Sherman's committee.

The British Government has subscribed for 1,000 copies of Dr. Fallon's new Hindoo-standards.

SENATOR BROWN received the honorary degree of L. L. D. at the recent commencement of Delaware State College.

It is estimated that the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of this country contributed last year \$800,000 to foreign missions.

HARRY WATTERSON, editor of the Louisville (Ky.) *Courier-Journal*, was elected to Congress recently by an overwhelming majority.

The Missouri Pacific Railroad has suddenly discovered that train conductors have robbed it of \$40,000 during the last twelve months.

The whole of Bayard Taylor's Centennial speech was published on the 8th of July by the London Times among its cable dispatches.

According to the latest Chinese circulars, there is a sudden reduction of raw silk available for export of 70,000 to 75,000 bales.

It is said that the Turks are carrying about east loads of women's and girls heads in the districts of Bazaar, in order to terrorize inhabitants.

Tireless efforts for a year's license fees from gamblers in Virginia City were \$20,000. The money is collected monthly, and gambling is in no way restricted.

The Cincinnati Exposition will not be opened this fall, and many exhibitors from that part of the country are expected to return to Washington in person.

BOSTON uses six thousand dozen bottles of lager a day, while the saloon custom has much increased, though the sale of stronger liquors has greatly fallen off.

The weakness of the wheat market is ascribed to the doubt as to the condition of the stock market, the market weather, and exposed to the unusual heat.

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A GENTLEMAN at Agira, India, shaved and pulled the hair of a native servant, who fell and died from a fall from rupture of the heart, which was discovered. A malignant disease inflamed a fine of thirty rupees.

Is the medical department of the University of Maryland there is a excess of some students, and a change of room for the students, at the end of each lecture, and the room vacated is then properly aired.

A SPECIAL despatch to the *Post Mail Gazette*, from Brussels, says the Seafarers Home at Antwerp, for the creation of which considerable sums of money have been subscribed both in America and England, is now open.

SERVANTS' wages are falling in New York, and in Boston, \$17 a week for a man of \$20; chambermaid wages have fallen from \$12 to \$10; girls' wages from \$8 to \$6, and cookesses from \$5 to \$4 now as \$3.

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On the 7th of August there was a competitive drill at Norfolk, in which the Petersburg Guards, Virginia Guards of Portsmouth, Attack Guards and Virginia Greys of Richmond, Langston Guards of Norfolk, and Union Guards of Manchester participated.

THERE is a clock in one of the buildings which tells the month of the year, the day of the month, the date of the week, the hour of the day, the minute of the hour, and which is said to be the most accurate which ever existed.

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The Lord Mayor of London would have visited us this year, but he has discovered that the Centennial Commissioners have made no special arrangements for the invitation and entertainment of Lord Mayors.

THE arrival of the Egyptian army has caused us to turn to help ourselves, as many of the officers are Americans, the spectacle will be presented of Christians and Moschomaniacs in subduing Christians.

LAST Wednesday, at St. Mark's Church, in New York, occurred the funeral of Mrs. Augusta C. Stuyvesant, whose husband was the grand-children of Peter Stuyvesant, the celebrated Dutch Governor of New York.

BOATS OF reductions in letter-carriers salaries, an immense petition of 200,000 citizens of New York was presented to Postmaster James yesterday praying for relief. Mr. James will probably bear this petition to Washington in person.

PRINCE MILAN has pawned for 476,000 francs his sword of honor, and his wife, who declares that she will sell off her wardrobe before finding a lacking to present the sum, for which she has raised \$10,000 on her Russian estates.

On the 7th of August there was a clock in one of the buildings which tells the month of the year, the day of the month, the date of the week, the hour of the day, the minute of the hour, and which is said to be the most accurate which ever existed.

Mrs. Queen of Corps Christi, is called the "Little Queen of Texas," and has 25,000 acres

